

## The Doctor's Wife

By Mary Graham Bonner

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HE HAD married her in the first place of all because of her lovely, low voice. There had been other reasons too—her good looks, her smile, her common sense, but mainly and chiefly the attraction which had drawn him to her had been her voice.

It had seemed during those first years of his practicing and trying to make headway in a seemingly unresponsive city, that voices would drive him mad, walling, complaining, whimpering always discontented.

Even when he met women socially he felt they refrained from telling him anything but a sorrowful tale of themselves.

As for his wife—she understood. She smiled at the poor excuses they made to come and see him, of the jealousy they showed of each other, of the gifts they sent him, of the senseless reasons they had for telephoning.

Sometimes they would both be invited out to dinner at some patient's house. The doctor's wife chuckled as she thought of how little she was wanted.

Usually they looked at her, she knew, rather pityingly, and at times, the holder of the sympathy would say to her:

"It must be awful to be a doctor's wife. I'd never have a moment's peace if I were you with so many women caring for my husband."

"We get used to it," the doctor's wife said so as not to be disappointing, smiling to herself. What fun it was to be a doctor's wife. How much pity one got one didn't deserve, how much wasted sympathy, how many deliciously jealous thoughts one inspired.

It was Christmas Eve. The doctor had promised his wife that he would help her in those many pleasant, engrossing night-before-Christmas tasks. She went upstairs to see that the children were quite asleep when she heard the telephone ring. She answered it, and then heard her husband's voice who was already answering it from below.

Something, some curious something, made her listen.

"Oh doctor," she heard a voice say, the voice of the one woman who had lately caused her first pang of jealousy. "I can't wait another moment. I must see you. I'm sorry, on Christmas Eve too, but I must! Please, doctor, can you come at once?"

"That's all right, little lady," she heard her husband answer. "I'll be up at once."

"I'm going out for awhile," the doctor called up the stairs. And was gone without a word of regret and with no effort at an excuse.

Late that evening she went out of the house. She would see this other woman. She called a taxi and hurried off.

"I'm sorry," the maid told her, "but Madame can see no one. And the door was shut abruptly."

What would she do? What could she do? Finally, exhausted after walking about the streets, she went home, her heart full of dry, choking sobs.

At last she heard the doctor's key. He came in. He looked tired. But she was worn out.

"You've been to—" she began.

"Yes," he answered wearily, as he lighted a cigarette. "I have been there all this time. But she has the finest boy you could hope to see; they're simply delighted."

"Boy?" she shrieked.

"Yes," the doctor nodded. He was too tired to notice her quick change of expression.

"Oh," he said after a moment. "I'm so glad you didn't finish the Christmas things without me. No matter how late it is, we must always get ready for Christmas together."

"After I had left the house," he added, "I remembered I hadn't asked you to wait, and I wanted you to wait no matter how long I'd be! Selfish of me, perhaps, but we must have our Christmas Eve together and get ready for the children's Christmas together, mustn't we, wife of my heart?"

"We must assuredly must," she answered him, and added to herself:

"What fools these women are who pity the doctor's wife. I'm the happiest woman in the whole world."

And the doctor was saying:

"My dear, do you know that it is Christmas morning and that I'm wishing you a Merry Christmas?"

"Merry Christmas," she returned, and in her heart rang the merriest and happiest of Christmas bells!

Ants Help Diamond Seekers.

Ants have proven a useful aid to Cape Colony diamond prospectors.

Mines is associated with the yellow ground containing diamonds, and following up the indications given by mounds seen in ant-hills is reported to have led to at least one instance to the hidden treasure of gems.

Optimistic Thought.

What a glorious creature was he who first discovered tobacco—Flelding.

## WALKING AND TALKING DOLLS

Lifelike Forms Gracefully Step Across the Floor Saying "Mamma" or "Papa."

DOLLS that walk and talk and wink and roll their eyes are Parisian Christmas novelties in toyland. These dolls seem almost human, as they walk in sprightly style across the floor saying "mamma" or "papa" just as real children would.

Walking dolls being a new invention, seem wonderful and bring screams of delight from little girls and boys, too, who watch with intense interest every step of the lifelike dolls as they are exhibited in the shops.

The machinery that moves the doll's legs is set in motion by a key that is inserted in the works at the waist line.

The voice is made active by works that are wound with a key.

The eyes move as the body sways from side to side. Just as the real children's eyes roll and blink, etc.

## CHRISTMAS WEEK IN ENGLAND

Time When Scattered Families Are United and Tender Memories Are Revived.

MANY and great are the changes which have occurred in England since Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol," but they have not affected the national love for the festival and the determination to preserve unimpaired the traditional warmth and heartiness of its celebration. Christmas week is still the great week of the year for the English people. It is the one week when scattered families are reunited, when tender memories and old associations are revived, when friend greets friend with a cheery expansiveness in striking contrast with the characteristic reserve of the English nature, so unresponsive to those who do not know it well, apparently so distant and unsympathetic.

From Wednesday all business will be suspended, not to be resumed till Monday morning. The whole nation will give itself up to good cheer and good fellowship, and for a brief season, all strife and controversy are hushed, and peace, charity and concord reign supreme.

## Substitute for a Tree.

We are not going to have a Christmas tree, writes a correspondent. To make them brilliant many pretty little ornaments are needed and they cost a good deal. My plan is for a barrel in place of a tree. I have the barrel now in a closet. It is covered with old dark green cambric and the day before the great holiday I am going to pin sprigs of evergreen and holly over it. It will look pretty gay, I think, when it is filled with the gifts that are going into it now, all prettily trimmed and tied, and my son as jolly old Santa Claus stands over it to deliver into its mysteries and to proclaim the names of those who are to solve them. I am sure we will enjoy our barrel as much as we would a tree.

## Best of All Holidays

TAKING it all in all, it may be safely asserted that Christmas is the merriest and the best of all holidays, and one which is likely to be observed for ages yet to come. Nations may rise and fall, new beliefs and religions may sweep away the old, but that would seem, indeed, a dreary and empty year which brought no merry Christmas in its annual round. May old Father Time long spare his holiday to mankind to gladden the hearts of all with its coming, and may each Christmas be still merrier than the last.

## An Ancient Christmas Dish.

An indispensable Christmas dish of ancient times was "frumenty" or "frumentum." Here is the recipe for making the dish according to a faithful old chronicler: "Take clean wheat and bray it in a mortar until the hulls be all gone off, and seethe it until it

burst, and take it up and set it cool; and take clean, fresh broth and sweet milk of almonds or sweet milk of kine and temper it all; and take the yolks of eggs. Boil it a little and set it down and mess it forth with fat venison or fresh mutton." Frumenty was often served alone without venison or mutton. When served by itself it was well sweetened.



A BIG JOKE  
Duck: Now I hope I won't get a treatise on "How to Swim" for a Christmas gift.

## A Form of Generosity.

"That fellow is kind of hard to depend on."  
"He seems to be very generous."  
"Yes. He's a regular Santa Claus."  
"I don't understand."  
"He is willing to take the credit for giving you anything you want provided someone else stand the expense."

## Plum Pudding of Other Days.

A great deal has been said, written and sung about the plum pudding of old England, but centuries ago it had a formidable rival for epicurean favor known as plum-pottage or porridge. It consisted of beef or mutton made into a broth, thickened with brown bread, which was then thoroughly boiled after raisins, currants, prunes, dates, nutmeg and ginger had been added. This dish is now entirely obsolete, though "Poor Richard's Almanac" mentions it as late as 1750, and a Mrs. Frazer, who published a cook-book in Edinburgh in 1781, announcing herself on its title page as the only teacher of the great art of cookery in that city, gives a recipe for making it, while Brand, the popular antiquary, tells how he partook of it at a Christmas dinner in the mansion of an old English gentleman in 1801, but it has long since been wholly supplanted by plum pudding. The origin of the latter is veiled into obscurity. The earliest cook-book which makes any reference to it is the one by Mrs. Frazer already referred to as containing a recipe for plum pottage.

## Christmas Eve in the Home

CHRISTMAS EVE in the home is always a joyful event, or should be. The father has closed his ledger with a "Thank God" that there is now and then a respite from toil, from the perplexities and cares of everyday life, an oasis in the desert of the year, and yields himself for the time to the pleasure of creating new joys for the loved ones at the home fireside. The mother's heart overflows with love and thankfulness as she watches the innocent and enthusiastic glee of her little ones over their Christmas gifts. And as for the children themselves, what eternity of time could compensate them for the loss of one Christmas?

## Well Led.

Mary and Robert, of tender age, had ponies as their Christmas presents and were being taught to ride. Daily they were put on the ponies' backs at the entrance to Central park in New York, and were taken for the prescribed round. Being only four and six years respectively, they welcomed the kind attentions of grooms, especially the immense help of leading the pony. But it was best that they should go it alone.

Near by the plaza entrance, of course, is the bronze equestrian statue of General Sherman, with victory going before his horse. Mary, after being for a long time without a groom to lead, one day looked wistfully at the statue.

"Father," she said, "wasn't it awfully kind of that man's wife to lend him his horse for him?"

## To Tell Age of Fish.

Year rings on the scales are used in Norway and France to mine the age of salmon, which have reached their full growth when they will spawn.

## RIVERDALE

Chas. Green was called to Saginaw last week on account of the serious illness of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shores of Edmore were week end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Parks.

The Concert lecture given by David P. Morris at the M. E. church last Friday evening was well attended and a great success.

Mrs. Melvin Budge and daughter, Elizabeth, of Perrinton were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Hall Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Kellicut were Riverdale callers Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Bemis entertained the following guests at a very pleasant dinner party Monday evening: Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Strong and son, Roy, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Schnepf and son, Percy, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Horton and Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Highfield.

Mrs. Jesse Wonders of Rockford is a guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rundio.

Mrs. W. E. Dunkle of Alma is a guest of Miss Lillian Harrison.

Mrs. B. L. Robart and children spent Sunday with relatives at St. Louis.

Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Carner spent several days last week with her son, George, and wife, north of town.

Leo Stacey of Bad Axe spent the week end with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Strong and daughters, Florence and Beulah, of Alma were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Moblo Sunday.

Mrs. Archie Highfield of Dahindas, Sask. Canada, was an over Sunday guest of Dr. and Mrs. Highfield.

W. Strong of Coldwater is a guest of Rev. and Mrs. H. R. Strong.

Mr. and Mrs. Millard Hopkins spent Sunday with relatives at Brockridge.

Miss Genevieve La May, spent several days last week with relatives at Shepherd.

Mr. and Mrs. James Fisher spent Saturday with relatives near Sumner.

Glen and Richard Hudson have returned from Detroit.

Mrs. Cora Nunn spent Sunday with her daughter, Mrs. Glen Croton, south east of town.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Ellison of St. Louis were friends of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Manley Thursday.

Mrs. Edgar Erskin of Battle Creek is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. Forquer and other relatives in this vicinity.

Dr. and Mrs. E. M. Highfield were in Alma Thursday attending the banquet given by the Gratiot-Isabella-Clare Medical Society.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Loeey and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nunn spent Sunday near Wheeler, guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Swope.

Henry Curtis of Edmore was in town Tuesday on business.

# Christmas Footwear

AT

## Sale Prices

Christmas is almost here, and what better gift could you make than a pair of Shoes or Slippers.

Our great Shoe Sale is still running and the saving made possible to you by these price reductions makes it easy for you to make a fine gift, at a very reasonable price.

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Front quarters young beef	10c
Good stewing beef	12 1/2c
Choice kettle roasts	15c
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Best cuts round steak	25c
Fresh Fat back pork	15c
Chunks pig pork	18c
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Clear salt pork	15c
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